New York Tribune.

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements.

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Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State

On Monday night, at a moment when the foreign relations of this country were reaching a crisis unparalleled in half a century, the Secretary of State was conducting a temperance revival in the Tabernacle of "Billy" Sunday in the city of Philadelphia.

Whole volumes of comment could not add to the humiliation of such a spectacle to every patriotic citizen of a great nation passing through a moment of international danger and menace. The revelation of actual conditions contained in the incident passes any possible amplification or elaboration.

By a convenient, if cowardly, device, the American public has come to attribute all the disgrace of the Bryan affair to Mr. Bryan himself. On the pleasant theory that "guilt is personal," it has been customary to blame the Secretary of State for continuing to be himself under all circumstances and in the face of all responsibilities.

But the time is surely at hand when this fiction must be dropped. This country owes it to Woodrow Wilson that at the moment the British note was being transmitted to the State Department, at the precise time when a great international problem was posed for the nation, the Secretary of State was on his knees on a revival platform appending his signature to total abstinence pledges.

Was there ever in American history a spectacle more shameful, more completely illustrative of the spirit of the present administration? Mr. Bryan's influence made Mr. Wilson President. Mr. Bryan's assistance is of present and future political value to Mr. Wilson. This is conceded. But can Mr. Wilson find no other way to pay his political debts than by prostituting the great office of Secretary of State to such a service?

Again, if such prostitution could be passed over in time of peace, when the fidelity of subordinates could cover with a thin but pleasing veil of decency the comic opera performances of the successor of Root, of Hay, of Seward, of Webster, of a line of great and distinguished American statesmen, must it be continued now in a world crisis?

If it must be continued let no one blame Bryan. An empty vaudevillian, without other virtues than those which vocal perfection have provided for the utterance of platitudes, he continues to do exactly what one of his kind is bound to do, what is to be expected of the Bryan-like all over the world. He is neither worse nor better than he was in 1896, in 1900, in 1908. The shame, the heavy, abiding shame, belongs to Woodrow Wilson and should henceforth be his to bear.

There are abuses, there are humiliations, there are scandals which neither time nor custom can quite make a nation tolerate. Mr. Bryan is one of these in his present office. A whole world has in this great crisis mobilized its statesmen, its leaders of thought and action. Europe has abolished party lines to recruit its ministries from the best of all political groups.

Yet in one of the great hours of world history, in one of the most momentous periods in the life of all nations and of our own nation, Woodrow Wilson maintains in the State Department a secretary whose highest possibilities are comprehended in the fact that on Monday night the larger part of an audience which came to see "Billy" Sunday stayed to hear Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State.

Anomalous Power.

Mr. Wallstein's investigation of the Board of Examiners, which hears appeals from rulings of the Superintendent of Buildings, shows that on various occasions members passed on cases in which they personally were interested. There is no necessity for argument about the undesirability, the impropriety, of this. A judge is forbidden to do it. No official or person exercising an official function ought to be in position to do it.

Yet it is proposed by the Lockwood-Ellenbogen bill reorganizing the inspection duties of municipal departments to perpetuate the Board of Examiners and give it much wider powers than it now has. That is, a board made up of the fire chief and "one member of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, one member of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, two members of the Mechanics and Traders' Exchange, one of whom shall be a master mason and one a master carpenter, one member of the Society of Architectural Iron Manufacturers of the city and one member of the Real Estate Board of New York, who shall be an architect or builder," is to have the final say on building rules and regulations. This board is to be appointed by the organizations named, without check by any public official, and is to have unlimited power to spend public money for expenses.

With or without this provision the Lockwood-Ellenbogen bill should not pass. It is fatally discredited by its attack on the Tenement House Department. But, more than that, there ought to be serious consideration whether the existing Board of Examiners should not be wiped out. It is against the public interest for any private citizen to have given to him official power to further his business interests by his own say-so.

Good News for Local Taxpayers.

An alert and appreciative citizenry of New York will recognize and applaud the promptness of the State Legislature in caring for their interests in the matter of direct taxation.

A few days ago an industrious and experienced state employe discovered that errors in calculations had been made the basis for a programme to impose a direct tax of $18,000,000 on this state, $13,300,000 to be paid by this city.

Such an error calling for immediate action, it is pleasant to note that the Republican leader of the Assembly has not neglected the opportunity. A bill has been introduced in the Legislature abolishing the office held by the industrious and efficient employe.

Seagulls and Submarines.

A flock of seagulls has confirmed the value of the aeroplane in a new role, that of submarine detective. A sailor in John Bull's navy has written of the escape of his warship from submarine destruction through a warning afforded by seagulls. A flock of them which had been following the British ship suddenly deserted her to hover over a point in the water some hundred yards distant. Careful observation of this spot disclosed a submarine periscope. The Britisher put on her best speed, and survives.

It seems reasonable to suppose that, as the London dispatch says, German submarines have found the seagulls a nuisance, since these hardy foragers follow everything afloat in their search for food, and from their point of vantage above the water can detect much smaller fish than a submarine beneath the water's surface. Navy fliers have already remarked on the ease with which in their hydro-aeroplanes they can discover submerged submarines when flying above them. Even the comparatively tiny submarine mines are distinctly visible at an altitude of 700 feet unless the water is excessively muddy.

The explanation lies, of course, in the absence of the light reflection on the waves which is always present when the angle of vision is less than ninety degrees. It accounts for the acuteness of bird fishers in locating their prey. It makes the aeroplane the natural enemy of the submarine.

Does International Law Still Exist?

A pamphlet with the above title has just been published by the Oxford University Press. Its author is Sir H. Erle Richards, Chicele Professor of International Law at the University of Oxford. It expresses the conviction that the law of nations is still intact, in spite of Germany's failure to observe it in her invasion of Belgium, in her general conduct of war and in her policy toward neutral countries.

That is the high-minded view, the view which makes for international welfare and justice. We had hoped that it would be the British government's view through thick and thin, through good and evil report. Great Britain entered the war as a protest against Germany's bad faith in violating the rights of neutral Belgium. Her government repudiated the theory of Von Bethmann-Hollweg that international compacts must give way to an individual nation's interests and its notions of military necessity. By taking that stand Great Britain won the moral support of all neutral nations. They recognized, as she did, that only chaos could result in the relations of states if the anarchistic doctrine were to be established that a nation could disregard any obligation to other nations which conflicted with its own interest.

Professor Richards rightly rejects the doctrine that military necessity can justify a suspension of the operation of the law of nations. He asks: "How can a society of men or of states proceed at all on this basis? Is this new doctrine anything more in its essence than that of Machiavelli?" Yet, forgetting its own reproof of Germany's conduct toward Belgium and adopting Germany's destructive theory of military necessity, the British government has now undertaken to enforce war measures against neutral commerce which are absolutely without sanction in international law. Instead of standing fast as a champion of international rights Great Britain has joined Germany in disregarding and abrogating them.

Not since the Napoleonic wars have the rights of neutrals been so harshly challenged as they are now by the combined action of Great Britain and Germany. But even though Great Britain, like Germany, has repealed international law, the rest of the world need not despair. Professor Richards himself is convinced (though he wrote before the British Order in Council was issued) that the law of nations will again be restored to general respect. He says:

> Because it is impossible for international intercourse to be continued unless law be observed, and unless it be recognized that every state has a duty to the other members of the community of states, and because public opinion is shown to be some check even in the darkest days, I affirm confidently that international law does still exist, and I anticipate that after the end of this war it will stand on a more secure footing than before.

It is the duty of the United States, as the most powerful of the neutral nations, to work unceasingly for the fulfilment of this hope—for the full re-establishment of the validity of international obligations.

The Vanishing Sea Raiders.

The sinking of the Dresden leaves unaccounted for only one of the German warships which were cut off from home ports when the war began. The Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Leipzig and Nuernberg were destroyed in the naval battle off the Falkland Islands. The Dresden escaped their fate by fleeing to the Pacific, but gained only a brief respite. The Emden, after a highly destructive cruise in East Indian waters, was sunk off Cocos Island by an Australian cruiser. The Goeben and the Breslau, trapped in the Mediterranean, took refuge in the Dardanelles and were put under the Turkish flag. One light cruiser is blockaded in an East African inlet and a couple of gunboats have been interned in American insular ports. Only the Karlsruhe remains at large of the regular war vessels. Of the auxiliaries used as commerce destroyers but one, the Kronprinz Wilhelm, is still active.

The German raiding fleet did considerable damage. It destroyed the British cruisers Monmouth and Good Hope and sank one small Russian warship. It captured probably fifty allied merchantmen, and in an excess of zeal sank one American sailing ship—much to the embarrassment of the Berlin government. Yet the effect of its exploits on the prosecution of the war has been very slight. It has not interfered with communications between Great Britain and her oversea colonies. It has not prevented the transportation of troops from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India to Egypt, France and Great Britain. It has not in a single instance hindered the transportation from neutral countries of munitions of war intended for the Allies.

Germany's ships kept the seas from four to seven months without a base of supplies or any of the refitting advantages of a home port. Yet they accomplished together far less than the Confederate cruiser Alabama accomplished single handed. Modern conditions have greatly diminished the freedom of action of the sea rover. The wireless telegraph is the deadly enemy of the commerce raider. It leaves him little chance of safety if he continues to haunt the travelled ocean lanes. Sooner or later he must be cornered by a superior enemy.

Is the Back Bay Backsliding?

Just how much gilded sin is born to blush unseen in Boston's Back Bay? William Dean Howells years ago administered a contemptuous rebuke to those who scented futuristic morality in the air of Commonwealth Avenue. But Mrs. Anna Steinauer, Boston's only policewoman, says now it is the first place she would "clean up" if she had her way.

It may be that conditions have changed in the interval, even in Boston. Certainly, when Mr. Howells frequented the salons of the Back Bay the young ladies did not smoke, at least in his presence. Mrs. Steinauer finds them inveterate smokers. And to prove that she brings a truly sociological point of view to bear on her observations she says: "It is not among the middle class we find the greatest number of girl smokers. The women of the lower class and the women of society are the smokers." And the women of society, she adds, are the brazen smokers.

Mr. Howells will be shocked to learn of this. Cigarette smoke must have dispelled the cool Emersonian atmosphere he was wont to bask in and interpret. And with that atmosphere gone it may be that strange doctrines are gaining ground on the banks of the Charles. Perhaps it is already too late for Mrs. Steinauer's broom.

Bronxville will remain Bronxville—and there will still be a monument to the memory of old Jonas Bronck other than a county and a cocktail.

Harvard will have sixty miles of books in her new library. All she needs now is miles-a-minute readers.

Professor Kuno Meyer has lost the freedom of Dublin, but Dr. Cook retains that of New York.

As an international law novelty the Blockade by Fiat now joins the submarine "War Zone."

There has been discovered in Newark a new hereditary disease, the secret marriage habit.

It would be a cinch for Thaw's lawyers trying his cases under "international law."

IRELAND.

A land of romance and humor,
Rich in its storied lore,
A land of legends, and heroes
Whose deeds crowned days of yore;
Adventurous men and daring,
Women both fair and true
As fresh as the down of morning
Or clover kissed with dew.

A land of beautiful valleys,
Meadows with verdure drest,
High mountains that catch the glory
Of sunset on their crest;
Fair lakes that reflect the azure
And blue of midday sky,
Mirror the billowy cloudlets
Lazily floating by.

A mysticism as ancient
As history's annals date,
Prolific in names that made her
Both historic and great;
Beloved by her sons and daughters
Where'er o'er earth they roam,
Who oft o'er the deep blue waters
Think of their early home.

A land where the bright red clover,
The Gorse and Shamrock grow,
Its hillsides all covered over
With emerald hue and glow.
Where mists o'er the lowlands glisten
Like silver spray in the sun,
And the swains and lassies listen
To the Harp when day is done.

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

WHAT ARE COMMISSIONERS FOR?

Query Suggested by Tannenbaum's Story of Prison Abuses.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Perhaps you can tell me why it is that such prison conditions as are described by Tannenbaum should exist under a commissioner who, we have all been led to believe, represents the last word in enlightenment. What is a commissioner for, anyway? Does she exist in order to protect her subordinates? Or is she merely a figurehead, with no control over them? Does the law prevent their dismissal? Or is it impossible to get wardens and keepers and orderlies who are above the level of constitutional psychopathic inferiority?

The proportion of murderous stupidities reported as existing under the regime of the ultra-good commissioners does not seem to differ materially from those under the ultra-bad. If Tannenbaum's tales of the treatment of himself and his fellow prisoners are not true, then he must be a genius of plausibility. They are too much like the stories of beatings and cruel abuses of authority which leak with monotonous reiteration into the public prints not to have all the color of veracity.

A story such as you printed yesterday sends a chill to the heart. Organized cruelty in war has at least some shadow of meaning, and can be understood even though it saddens. But this sort of stupid personal cruelty, practised on the weak, who have no protection from those in authority, is the one thing that rouses one's blind, intolerable rage.

This morning there is a story of the beating of a weak minded patient under the regime either of this same excellent commissioner or one equally excellent and praiseworthy. I am very ignorant of the law and administration of charities and correction, but are commissioners really unable to prevent these things? If they are, why do they stay in their posts and expose themselves to misunderstandings like my own? If they are able to prevent them, why don't they? Miss Davis's own exposition of the disciplinary chastisement of Tannenbaum, as reported by you, suggests a penal philosophy worthy of the Middle Ages. Has the lady really any qualifications for her job except the accidental fact that she is a woman? I ask, in increasing perplexity, what are commissioners for? RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

New York, March 11, 1915.

Christian Science and Disease.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In reply to an item in an issue of recent date, in which Harold J. Hinman, majority leader of the New York Assembly, attacked the Thorn bill, permit me to say that lawyers are taught among their first lessons that mere hearsay testimony is worthless. Nevertheless, Mr. Hinman has accepted this brand of testimony as reliable, and with this as his basis has used his important public office to attack and seriously misrepresent the religious teachings and practices of a large body of the most respected, useful and lawabiding citizens in the commonwealth.

It should be evident to all that if Christian Scientists denied the existence of disease in the sense that Mr. Hinman uses the expression the ranks of the Christian Scientists would not only be soon decimated, but the law would long ago have stepped in to save the Christian Scientists from themselves.

Not many years ago some figures were printed in "The New York World" which showed that in one year the number of deaths of children by diphtheria in New York City under medical treatment was 1,715, as against ten deaths by the same cause in the entire United States during the last thirteen years under Christian Science treatment.

At that time the official report of the New York Board of Health showed that a total of 27,111 children fifteen years or younger died under medical treatment, as against thirty-two shown by "The World's" figures to have died in the entire United States during the last thirteen years under Christian Science treatment.

I have before me a statement made by Dr. Ernst Lederle while he was president of the Board of Health of New York City. He said: "Since I have been at the head of the Health Department I have received no proof of any violation of the rules and regulations of the sanitary code by a Christian Scientist. I know they are reporting cases of contagion, as required by law, and are taking the necessary sanitary precautions of proper isolation and disinfection. Violations are quickly and promptly prosecuted, but I have yet to find an instance where the lawbreaker was a member of the Christian Science Church." As a matter of fact, it can be proved that no evidence has ever been offered to show that any epidemic of disease anywhere in the United States at any time was ever traced to the negligence or ignorance or carelessness of a Christian Science practitioner.

ROBERT S. ROSS.
C. S. Committee on Publication.
New York, March 11, 1915.

Workingmen and War.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I ask you kindly to call the attention of Mr. Gompers and other leaders of workingmen's societies to the desirability of using their influence for prevention of such support as is at present given in the case of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich? Why should workingmen, who in the main have to bear the worst horrors of militarism, do any of the work on such a ship? They are simply making her ready to go out again and murder their fellow men and destroy their food and property.

Shame on any workingman who will lift a hand or tool for his own and family's destruction! It is time that the workingmen's societies did something to stop such hellish work, which the nineteen centuries of sham Christian teaching have completely failed to do. They have verified the blind leading of the blind and have both fallen into the ditch, and at the present time do not seem to be making any concerted effort to get out.

It's preach, preach, preach, and no practice. No one can be a Christian and uphold militarism, and if there is any truth in the number of their members and attendants at the present time they ought to be held responsible for its continuance, and if they are the light of the world let their teachers get it out from under the bushel and let the world see it. DEAN READER.

Coney Island, March 15, 1915.

Brains in Baseball.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Johnnie Evers writes a very readable article about brains in baseball, but is he not all wrong in his conclusions? Take managers like Mack or McGraw; they do not want brainy players so much as those who can obey orders. The modern manager wants to play the game himself, and players are mere tools, who fail or succeed in so far as they can obey instructions. Study the career of Bescher—it is typical—before and after he came to New York. Is it not a certainty that if he goes to some other club he will again be one of the most interesting figures in the game?

A team of right-handed batters for a southpaw, and vice versa, all making up a "nine," may be the last work in efficient management, but it is not baseball. Clubs with big treasuries, able to employ from twenty-five to thirty star players, ought to win the pennant every year; the wonder is they fail.

Small teams, but efficient, and less playing by managers would give us a much more interesting sport. C. A. H.

New York, March 14, 1915.

Philadelphia Sneaks to Anchorage.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was a passenger on the American Line steamship Philadelphia, which left New York on February 13, flying the flag of the United States of America and carrying some one hundred and fifty passengers and the United States mails. On Saturday, February 20, as we were going up St. George's Channel, the ship's lights were extinguished and all the portholes blanketed. It was humiliating to the Americans on board to see a vessel of their country entering the port of Liverpool like a thief, fearful of discovery.

Instead of furling her flag, blanketing the lights and sneaking to an anchorage in the harbor of Liverpool, it seems as though the Philadelphia should have proudly shown her colors and boldly exercised her right to traffic as a neutral nation. Are we to bow down before the threats of belligerent countries? God forbid! EDWIN G. LAWRENCE.

London, England, Feb. 23, 1915.

LONGER HOURS FOR WOMEN

Reactionary Changes in Labor Law Fought by Consumers' League.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There have been introduced into the New York State Legislature bills amending the labor law known as the Bewley amendments (Assembly Int. Nos. 518, 519 and 520) and in the Senate as the Thompson amendments (Int. Nos. 504 and 505). These bills are a most vicious attack upon the laws for the protection of women workers.

One of these bills provides that women over the age of eighteen may be employed in the canning season (between June 1 and November 1) for unlimited hours. It means that it will be possible for women to be employed in canneries over one hundred hours a week for five months of the year.

Two years ago, when the Factory Investigating Commission found that certain women in canneries actually were working a hundred and more hours a week, it recommended the present law restricting women's work in canneries to sixty hours. This sixty-hour law (with the extension to sixty-six hours during the pea season, upon authorization of the Industrial Board) is already a concession to the canners, since in other factories women are permitted only fifty-four hours of work a week.

Another of the bills introduced proposes to eliminate entirely the period of rest at night for women in the canneries for the season from June 1 to November 1. In all other factories the period of rest at night is from 10 in the evening to 6 in the morning.

The third bill permits work in the canneries during the season, seven days a week. The present law prescribing one day a week set apart as a day of rest applies to all factories, except certain small establishments like creameries, which employ not more than seven persons in the preparation of food. If this amendment passes the Legislature many hundreds of persons would be permitted to work seven days a week without a day of rest.

It is reasonable to make certain concessions to an industry which demands extraordinary activity for a short season in dealing with perishable foodstuffs, as do the canneries, but have not the exceptions already granted canneries been all that can be fairly allowed as consistent with the health and welfare of working girls and women?

The Consumers' League of the City of New York wishes to beg the public to join in opposing measures so reactionary and so undesirable for the working women of the state. AMEY ALDRICH,
Corresponding Secretary.

New York, March 13, 1915.

Question of Bread Prices in 1679.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your Sunday edition of yesterday Mr. Kingsland Crosby furnished a very timely and interesting article on "Bread Prices," etc., on Manhattan Island in 1656. It reminded me that I had preserved an extract from the proceedings of the General Court Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1679 relating to the same subject, as follows:

"23 May 1679" "In answer to the petition of John Man, Tho. Skinner, Wm. Hoare and George Dauson, loaf bread bakers &c in Boston, it is ordered, that Mr. Anthony Stoddard, Capt. John Richards, Capt. Thomas Brattle and Capt. Lawrence Hammond be a committee to consider and make an experiment whither the prizes of wheate and assizes of bread stated in the law be not such as the bakers may live by, and that they make a return of their proceedings there in to the sessions of this Court in October next, the charge of the Committee to be borne by the bakers."

We can readily understand that the bakers had petitioned the General Court for relief from the law which fixed the "prices and sizes" of bread at that time, claiming (as they do now) that they could not live by them.

I did not get a copy of the report of the committee, so cannot say "whither" the bakers got any relief. Perhaps Mr. Crosby could find that in the "Colonial Records" in the Public Library. S. B. MOTT.

Scranton, Penn., March 15, 1915.

The Conning Tower

THE GRAND TOUR

LOS ANGELES.

The statistical figures that local boosters give you never have any real interest. In New York, frinst, somebody told me, early in my freshman year, how much Wall Street ground was worth a front foot and how many theatres there were in the greater city. During the long nights of that first winter, when I didn't know anybody in the entire city, Diana used to console me. "Cheer up," she would say. "Don't be so bored. Remember that you are in the biggest city in the country, where land is worth $17,000 an inch." "True," I would reply, "and don't forget that, if we only had $4, we might spend it in any one of 92 theatres."

Which is by way of saying that Los Angeles has 400,000 street cars, all of them having all-night service, 500,000 of them running directly over the bed in Room 624 of the Hotel Alexandria and 750,000 of them being equipped with motormen who clang 1,000,000 bells.

* * *

The first thing that happens in Los Angeles is that Charley Van Loan, the w. k. Fiction Slave, sends the Lady in Your Party an enormous shower bouquet of violets, roses and fruits in season. For this courtesy, which is accompanied by no card, you essay, modestly, to take credit yourself and hint that it doesn't amount to much, really; but you are ordered, in no uncurtained tones, to lay off the Walter Raleigh because you never sent a lady so much as a mignonette in your life, let alone send your wife what is probably the grandest collection of rare and costly flora ever gathered in Southern California, the Fertile Southland.

Next you ask Charley about his arm, which he broke in an automobile accident four months ago—an accident he was lucky, they tell you down there, to come through alive. "Do I look like a sick man?" he asks rhetorically. He weighs about 200, his eye is clear, his voice is resonant as a hound's tooth and the tan of all-year golf is on him. For the benefit of his readers and other friends, let it be stated that he does not look like a sick man; and for their benefit also, that the arm may have to be broken again in order to set it. He has hardly any use of it now—it is the left arm—except to play a one-finger bass to his typewriting melody. But he plays golf one-handed. If his golf game is no better than it was when he played with Grantland Rice and Hughey Fullerton, the loss of the use of one arm cannot have hurt it much.

But he is gameness's favorite son about the arm. The gate is strait and the scroll charged with punishment, but he winces not nor cries aloud. He writes a couple of thousand words, plays two or three dozen holes of golf and absorbs three capable and nourishing meals a day. And drives his car—sometimes, as when he has to come downtown for rube Eastern tourists, through the Los Angeles traffic, than which Fifth Avenue at its five-o'clockiest can offer nothing thanwhicher.

* * *

It is over fine roads, past fine new houses, through eight miles of widely and justly advertised sunshine that he takes you to the Country Club. Unless you have been around a lot more than I have, it is the finest and largest country club you ever saw. You have the best luncheon anybody ever had anywhere, especially the corn fritters that come with the chicken and from the world's finest porch, you sit gazing the while at some mountains whose name you do not even care to know, from the world's largest glass, the chilled juice of about a dozen of the universe's juiciest oranges.

* * *

"And then," says Charley, "they ask me why I don't live in New York—why I want to live way out here in the bushes. Oh, it's rotten out here, yea, kid! No good at all, hey? Why don't you quit work and come out and write fiction?"

It makes you wish you could.

* * *

The bigness and freeness of the West may exist, as the boosters assure me it does. But it does not express itself in its newspapers. The Coast papers believe that murder and arson are wrong, and sometimes they are intrepid enough to say so; but outside of those convictions they don't appear to be particularly bold. The reporters and writers are all strong for The Tribune and its attitude toward fake advertising; the owners and most of the editors—I except the San Francisco Bulletin's editor and, conspicuously, its business manager—tell you it can't be done, and impugn The Tribune's motives. Most of the Coast papers are political organs; all I have seen are loaded with the advertisements of "cures" and "remedies."

* * *

Pasadena is a beautiful, musical-comedy-back-drop, rich, Bermuda sort of town. I am glad I have not money enough to retire; if I had I am afraid I should come here to live. And it is too, too pleasant. It is the capital, you might say, of the cotton-wooly West.

* * *

In Cheyenne and points West, when you live near the business district, you live "close in."

* * *

Literary note: The first person I saw reading in California was a woman on the Oakland ferry. She was reading "Dawn O'Hara," by Edna Ferber.

* * *

Los Angeles, at the moment of going to breakfast, comes up to its three-sheets. Also, it may have its drawbacks, but as early as 9:45 Charley Van Loan is out on the links, having finished his other work for the day.

* * *

Now let the way go
To San Diego!

F. P. A.